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In Memoriam*

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

A SINGER, and his heart a very lute
Whereon the fleeting winds of fancy played,
And graceful spirits of a fairy world
Danced to the music that his numbers made.

And sterner breaths anon would take his lyre,
And lo, emotion's tidal waves would roll,
And we stood listening to the charméd sound
And knew the echoes of our own deep soul.

Then would he sing and touch his poet's heart—
A banjo to the thrumming of his hand,—
And we who listened laughed and moved among
The sunny-hearted folk of Dixie Land.

C. L. O'D.

The Classical Course.

CORNELIUS J. HAGERTY, '06.



It is a fact that in all colleges the number of students who take the classical course is growing fewer and fewer. Since the very origin of colleges this has never been so before. Is it because having attained so high a degree of civilization in America we have entered into a realm of clearer light where we can discern the errors of our fathers and grandfathers? No; for if you ask a student why he does not take the classical course he generally answers, "There is no money in it."

I am far from wishing to maintain the proposition that all students should take this course; I do not believe they should. Those who have only a short period in which to prepare themselves for a professional career would lose time by taking

it; in like manner those whose talents do not lie in this direction, but have a decided tendency toward such work as civil, mechanical, or electrical engineering, science, and branches kindred to these. The proposition I do wish to uphold is that those who have plenty of time and who intend to engage in such professions as law, medicine, journalism, etc., or who look on education as a means to a higher and fuller realization and enjoyment of life, are taking a very shortsighted view of their own best interests when they say there is nothing in the classical course for them.

I should say of this course, first of all, that it is more liberal than the others; it opens up more fountains of life; it gives a broader view of human nature than the other courses do. In the preparatory department the student must do considerable work in mathematics and science. All through his course he works at English, history and philosophy as well as Greek and Latin. Are not these the storehouses of the endeavors by which humanity has reached the highest stages of civilization? Is it not through these that the lives and thoughts of the men who live on after their deaths are opened up to us? Here some may say that they do not object to English, history and philosophy, but only to Latin and Greek. The fact is, however, that even the former branches are being neglected by American students, and there is a general stampede toward the engineering, law and medical courses without any regard for such non-commercial subjects as English, history, philosophy, Latin and Greek.

America is a big country, there is a great deal of money being made in it, and young men are not far-sighted enough to check themselves from getting into business at

* The negro poet, died Feb. 2, 1906.

once. But we have too many medium lawyers, doctors, politicians now, we need more top-notchers all around. The boy who comes to school and is whisked through a course in law in three years, unless he is an uncommon boy, is going to be only a fairly good lawyer. But the boy who spends four years studying the real, life-giving studies and then takes his three years of law will, unless he is a thoroughly mediocre fellow, have formed habits of study and developed abilities that should put him among the leaders in his profession. From a purely commercial point of view it is more profitable for a student, if he has the means, to take a little longer time and become a remarkable man than to hurry up to remain always an ordinary man.

The almost unlimited possibilities which our country affords for the exercise of engineering skill and business ability has had the effect of drawing the minds of many Americans from the true purpose of education. Familiarity with it brings forgetfulness of its aim unless we continually recollect ourselves and ask, what is the object of education? Surely we are not setting a high ideal before ourselves when we make the practical use we can get out of knowledge the final test of its worth. The reason why Americans go to college is not, or should not be, to enable them to make more money in a shorter time than those who are not able to attend college. They should study with a view, first of all, to so develop their soul and mind and body that they themselves will be able to find the greatest possible meaning and happiness in life and make life for their friends and family as pleasant and virtuous as they can. What is the use of owning the most exquisite paintings if you can not appreciate them? or the choicest libraries, if you do not love the thoughts they contain? What is the use of anything money can buy if you have not a heart and soul to appreciate what is noble and beautiful?

I am far from wishing to condemn the business enterprise of Americans. It is glorious to witness the zest and interest they display in their work. The American nature is a big, generous, noble one. But might not Wordsworth say to us as he did to his Britons:

The world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

It is not exactly necessary to be over-devoted to Nature, but every man must feel there is more in life than the mere earning of a livelihood. We ought to learn to appreciate and reverence the best things the men who lived before us have left us as an inheritance. What are the sources from which we may learn the thoughts of the greatest minds and the deeds of the noblest men? They are philosophy, literature and history in our own tongue and the same branches in the tongues of the two nations that stood head and shoulders above all others for strength of mind and height of civilization—the Greeks and the Romans.

Philosophy is a study of the workings of the human mind in reference to problems of most vital interest, for they relate to man's origin, nature and destiny. These are questions that should be before every man, and it is absurd for a person to say there is nothing in philosophy for him when it will enable him to take an intelligent stand on these questions, and prevent him from being led about "wheresoever the wind of instability bloweth."

Literature contains thoughts, too, poetry, elevating stories, the drama, Shakespeare's drama, reflecting human nature, its virtues and vices, as in a magnifying mirror. Then there is wit, humor, pathos and all the emotions, and all these portrayed and delivered down to us in the perfection of one of the highest powers of man, the gift of speech. History is the chronicle of the persons and causes that have figured in shaping the destiny of the world.

These branches are the ones that enable men to understand what life is and the best way to live it. The study of mere signs and numbers is all right in its place, but few will hold that such work has as high an educational value as the labor spent on subjects that concern, so much more intimately, humanity in all its aspects. If one wishes, along with being an engineer, a scientist, a doctor, to be a cultivated, interesting man he should not wholly slight these fundamental branches; to a good lawyer or orator they are an absolute necessity.

Now we come to the two subjects which are the particular objects of indifference to Americans: Greek and Latin. Until twenty or twenty-five years ago almost everyone who took a college course studied Latin and Greek; now scarcely one out of every twenty graduates receives a classical degree. Have we outgrown the utility of these two time-honored branches, or was the respect and attention paid to them by preceding generations due only to the vanity of men seeking for pretentious, useless erudition? We must all admit at the outset that the Greek and Roman peoples were by far the most intelligent of antiquity, and, perhaps, as far as pure intellect is concerned, were equal to any people that ever lived. They have left behind them much of their work: their statues and noble buildings, and especially their language. This last contains the work of some of the greatest men of all time.

Let us examine what the Greek language has to offer us. We know this people loved beauty and strength; we understand that they were of all men the most intellectual. Their language contains the works of Homer, classed by universal consent as one of the three greatest poets of the world, Socrates, the father of philosophy; his two great disciples, Plato and Aristotle. On the works of these three is founded much of the philosophy of the world. Then the great dramatic poets, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, after Shakespeare, the greatest of any age; finally, the historians. For one who desires to be at all thorough in his course in philosophy, literature and history, the Greek language, one of the principal fountain-heads of these three departments of knowledge, can not be overlooked. Of course, we might get an idea of the work of the Greeks second hand, but nobody cares to do so when he may go to the original. The life and spirit of the author are lost in the translation. Almost every student passes through a period when he despises these ancient pagans; but it is an observation worth making that the deeper men go in the things of the intellect the more their admiration for the ancient Greeks increases. Cardinal Newman goes back to Athens to find his site for an ideal university, and Bishop Spalding tells us that we must all go back

to the Greeks as to a wellspring of learning.

Much the same may be said of Latin. Here we make the acquaintance of Virgil, Horace and Cicero. The Romans never reached the mental stature of the Greeks, but they are far above all others. Besides the richness of its literature, Latin is the language of the Catholic Church, and it should be a matter of pride for Catholics who have the opportunity to learn enough Latin to understand the various ceremonies. Then, there are the hymns of St. Thomas and St. Bernard, the most beautiful imaginable; and these are accessible only to persons familiar with Latin. The same is true of the services for the dead; and much of the solemn grandeur of the public ceremonies is lost to those who do not know their trend.

Father O'Kennedy in an article in the *Ave Maria* on the Holy Mass says: "I do here protest that I should willingly learn the Latin tongue over again for the prayers and ritual of the Church alone; and I do pity the pilgrim soul who but guesses at Latin words,—like Moses, standing on the borders of Canaan, having but a distant view of the milk and honey flowing in that delightful and blessed land."

Besides these specific advantages of both Greek and Latin, there is the great fact that our own language has borrowed a very large percentage of its words from these two tongues. One feels he knows a word ever so much better when he knows the word from which it is derived. It is almost impossible to understand English well without understanding some Latin and Greek. How numberless, too, are the allusions we meet, even in ordinary literature, to characters in Latin and Greek works and to mythology? It is one of the delights of reading to be able to understand such allusions without a dictionary or notes. Lastly, a person who has studied Latin will find the languages derived from it, as French, Italian and Spanish, comparatively easy.

I would, therefore, conclude with an exhortation to those who have the opportunity to take the classical course and hesitate about doing so because they think it is not useful, to consider well the object of education and see if this course does not offer them the highest means of making themselves intelligent, cultured men.

A Striking Resemblance.

WALTER J. O'DONNELL, '06.

Moses Adler was a wealthy, penurious, miserly bachelor who dwelt in a low, tumbled-down shack midway between Holland and Macatawa. From boyhood gold had been his fetish, and as he advanced in age the more did he worship money. The shekels fell into his coffers by begging and peddling wares, but the storms of passion that raged in his breast and exposure to the weather had played such havoc on his frame that he was no longer able to continue going from town to town, and he withdrew to the present home where he could feel and caress the shining objects of his affections without fear of being molested. He was tall, thin, of a cadaverous complexion, his shoulders stooped. A thin circle of gray hair fringed his head and his step was heavy and labored. When the farmers grew to know him they regarded him with contempt and linked his name with the vilest terms in their vocabulary. But although the whole neighborhood were unanimous in the denunciations of Adler, there was one whose mind toward the Jew was colored with even a criminal hue.

Kent was a man of middle age, bulky, appearance, sallow-cheeked, with deep-sunken, watchful, penetrating eyes. His father had been a wealthy landowner in northern Scotland, and on his decease Kent inherited the estates and a large fortune which he hastily went through. He then contracted debt after debt, secretly committed outrage upon outrage to regain his former firm standing in society and finance, but to no avail. His estates were taken from him, friends failed, creditors were noisily clamoring their due; no road was open to him save that to the workhouse. This humiliation would be too great, so under the guise of a farmer he, who had once been a prince of fashion, made his escape from Scotland and came to America.

Worn out and exhausted from evading the clutches of his creditors' agents he came one May morning to his present location. He received employment as a cattle-tender. This was for him the extreme of mortification;

the very thought of it festered in his mind like an ulcer till the whole body was sick with fever. The mental condition to which he was now reduced burned the last vestige of conscience to a crisp, and his one desire was to retrieve his losses, no matter in what manner.

What he was and to what straits he was now reduced, were his constant thoughts. To better his condition would little satisfy him; he must regain at once all he had lost. The deep hatred he bore Adler was suddenly increased when he heard that the old miser had advertised the sale of his estate. The passion to get the Jew's money took possession of him. He must come by it and soon. It was now July 1 and the sale would occur August 4. The action must be prompt or nothing would come of it. Kent decided to put Adler out of the way that very evening. He feared no hindrance on the part of the farmers, because of their remoteness from Adler's shack and of their natural aversion for the Jew.

Towards evening Kent made his way slowly in the direction of Adler's house. The road was dimly lighted by the faint rays of the moon, and the only sound was the muffled fall of his foot in the deep, soft dust. Arriving near the house he perceived a gleam of light escaping through the boarded window. He crept softly to the door and peered through the wooden keyhole, worn large by repeated applications of the key. The old man was sitting in a misshapen rocker near a table on which dimly burned a stump of candle fastened in the neck of a bottle.

One look was enough to assure Kent of the identity of the chair's occupant. A feeling of satisfaction passed over him as he placed the revolver in the keyhole which was just on a level with the top of the rocker and at the same time the only vantage-ground for his work. Soon he would be in possession of all the money and on the fair road to regain his former place in the world. Nerved with this thought he pulled the trigger; instantly there was a crash, and when Kent, as soon as the smoke cleared away, again looked through the keyhole he saw his intended victim ruefully regarding the broken fragments of a mirror whose empty frame was just visible above the rocker.

Varsity Verse.

THE SWEETEST GIRL.

The sweetest girl of all she was
Because
Her eyes were Paris green,
And the filling could be seen
In her tooth;
In sooth
It was false.
She's a dream in the waltz,
A nightmare, that's the word—
Oh! I tell you she's a bird.
How I love her!
She's the only Crawford peach;
She can screech
Nearer my God to Thee,
Sweet Marie
And others.
Holy smothers!
Have you ever seen her hair?
Jerusalem, don't stare—
It's red.
Pardon me, I should have said
'Tis a pleasing shade of auburn.
The color that the bricks turn
When they're done to a tee.
Let me see!
Oh! yes,
Her weight, can you guess?
Never mind,
Let's be kind.
Her waist is forty-two
No. 8 is her shoe.
Great Scott!
Her complexion I forgot
'Tis the shade of ruddy mud
Or more exactly like a cud
That's been chewed.

J. F. S.

COMEDY.—SCENE I.

Sweet little Mary
And dear little brother
Played near the gasoline,
Laughed at each other.

SCENE II. (No intermission.)

Mary found matches,
Came a big flash.
Ma for the doctor
A hundred yard dash.

J. F. S.

The Effects of the Crusades.

THOMAS A. E. LALLY, '06.

Before considering the effects of the crusades let us briefly note some of the causes which led up to these events. The period of the crusades has been styled by some historians "The Heroic Age of Christianity." The title is undoubtedly a proper one, for in no other period of history do we see such religious and self-sacrificing zeal exhibited by the Christian nations, nor have we ever seen any military enterprise hold such attention throughout the entire world. The zeal for religion and the desire to help suffering humanity—two of the most powerful agents on the human mind—so aroused Christian Europe that for two centuries they continually sent forth legions to Asia for the noble purpose of rescuing the Holy Land and the oppressed Christians.

When the Christians of Europe saw the land of Palestine, so hallowed by the work and sufferings of Christ, that land made holy by His teachings and purified by His precious blood, that land in which the first seed of Christian piety was planted made desolate by infidels; when they saw that place where the Redeemer of man suffered death on the cross and that sepulchre in which His sacred body was laid, defiled by the Mussulman, their religious indignation was rightly aroused to avenge a perfidious crime. The Mussulman people held the Holy Land by right of conquest, and the crusaders considered its delivery a lawful and sacred duty. The Christians of that land, to which they were drawn by a holy cause, were so oppressed and persecuted that their sufferings called to the world for vengeance. They were answered by the millions of brave Christians who marched forth to the Holy War. It must be admitted that evils marked the progress of the crusades, the same as they mark that of any great military expedition no matter how good the intention may be.

Various positions have been held regarding the effects of the crusades. But regardless of the individual opinions of several historians it is generally admitted to-day that they have been beneficial to mankind. The

manners and customs, literature, political conditions and commerce of Europe and also of America bear proof of this assertion. By four statements I will try to show that the effects of the crusades were entirely good.

First, the Seljukian Turks and Saracens were at the zenith of their power at this time, invading the very heart of Christendom and threatening it with destruction, when their progress was checked by the crusades.

Second, the crusades aided greatly in destroying feudalism which was at this time dominant in Europe. The wealthy barons who engaged in the crusades were the holders of vast lands and were obliged to sell them in order to carry on expeditions to Palestine. Thus the aristocracy was broken up and wealth became more evenly distributed; the poorer classes began to acquire it, and in consequence a spirit of independence. The kings and emperors being pressed for money were forced to sell property and privileges to towns, such as the right to form their own municipal laws.

Third, the crusades brought about better commerce and navigation. Before the time of the crusades, commerce in Europe had been very limited. Europe soon awoke to the realization of the fact that there was great advantage in water transportation over that of land, when the first crusaders met such disastrous results in sending their forces by land. By the frequent voyages to Palestine the art of navigation and shipbuilding began to increase, and through this Genoa, Persia and Venice came into a prominent sphere of commercial importance. Various commercial products were introduced into Europe which before were unknown, and silk manufacture commenced in Italy.

Fourth, the crusades had an effect which was ultimately good for literature. In some ways they were injurious to it; but when the good and bad influences are placed in the balance of sound criticism the former outweigh the latter. During the Dark Ages, in western Europe especially, the arts and learning were dropped into oblivion, except in some secluded monasteries, but they were still of a high standard in the eastern Mediterranean countries, with which western Europe had frequent communication through the crusades, and by this means the

complete revival of learning was hastened in the West. The neglect of learning in Europe was due mostly to the numerous wars and invasions that laid the countries desolate. When the crusaders returned to Europe after having been in contact with a more refined and enlightened race they could not but retain some of the latter's customs and learning and introduce them into their own country.

This statement is strengthened by the fact that many of the great universities of Europe at the present time were founded either during or immediately after the period of the crusades. The University of Padua, and also that of Paris, was founded in 1180; that of Naples in 1230; that of Vienna in 1238; that of Salamanca in 1240; Cambridge in 1280; and that of Lisbon in 1290. Such are the good and lasting effects of the crusades about which so much unjust criticism has been made by our later historians especially, whose motive for doing so was generally some petty religious prejudice. These effects have been greater by far than the temporary and transitory evils to which the holy expeditions gave rise, evils which were purely accidental and entirely unavoidable.

Innocence.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

WE wandered o'er the sallow sands,
A little maid and I:
Fairer was she than any star
That weaves its light on high.

And we did love each other well—
She was my spotless bride;
Happy was I to see her smile,
And sad whene'er she sighed.

But oh! we wandered from the sands
Into the city's heart,
And in the crowds sweet Innocence,
My bride, and I did part.

And I have sought her night and day
Upon the dusty street,
But ne'er did I, though long I searched,
This little maiden meet.

But now I've found her on the sands,
Where we were wont to roam,
For tired of the dust and heat
Sweet Innocence went home.

The Passing of the Possessive.

JOHN F. SHEA, '06.

He called her his queen; and whenever he used the possessive pronoun it meant the most exclusive kind of ownership. Certainly it was no presumption on his part to call her his. Had he not written faithfully each week on lavender-scented paper embossed with the college seal; the said paper being retailed at seventy-five cents a box? And did he ever fail to call when in town; and, what is more, had he not eaten, yea, even praised, her fudge above all others? Surely he could use the possessive "his" in reference to her, and as he fussed around his disordered boudoir in search of an elusive collar button, he imagined what a comfort it would be to hear her soft soothing voice saying, "Don't swear, dearie, let me help you look for it." This thought proved most solacing, and carefully arranging that Persian brown cravat, which she had so admired on the last occasion, he smiled into the depths of a cracked mirror, whispered "be good," and ran for the 2:45 Hill Street. He was just in time to miss the car, and as he started on his long tramp he wondered if she thought of him and if she missed him as much as he did the car.

After a very one-sided mental debate he decided that she did; for who could help liking him who was admitted by even his strongest rivals as having taking ways. Crossing the bridge he entered the main street, and oh! joy, just coming out of Wyman's was "she." He assumed his most taking expression, and crossing the street with his catchy college stride, raised his grey fedora and greeted her—his queen. She blushed most becomingly, and with pathetic flutter in her voice said the pleasure was so unexpected. She told him that he must come up to the house, that mamma would be so delighted to see him, and that she had so many things to tell him and, and, and.... He walked proudly beside her and gloried in the thought that he was her protector. He who was so strong and manly, she so sweet and helpless. Now she might have turned up Michigan Avenue, it was nearer to her home, but she didn't, and, well, by the other way she passed by

Nobiles; and of course—how could he help it? he had to ask her in.

You can get good hot chocolate at Nobiles for five cents, only a nickel; but she, "his queen," preferred a chop-suey; and alas that was three times as expensive. She said that chop-suey was peachy stuff, and of course in deference to her wishes he thought so too, and consequently an order was given for two. Their celestial dish was soon prepared and the waiter brought them in, with a check for thirty-cents which he gave to him. He dove down into his pegtops to settle the little bill, while she smiled sweetly at him, and oh! bless her, she called him "Ted." All the while he was looking for the thirty cents he couldn't find.

It was no use looking, for it came to him like a flash that he had changed his raiment without changing his small change. Explanations became more and more useless, the demands of the waiter more and more imperative.

She gazed coldly upon him, her protector; and he, oh!—well, it is all over now and we will not discuss it. To avoid publicity she paid the thirty cents.

It was good walking back to the college. He was due at 6:30, but he pulled in a full hour ahead of his schedule. The silence of his room was at least comforting. He threw off his coat and tore with feverish impatience at the Persian brown which he had arranged with such loving care only a few hours before. He paused in front of the cracked mirror, but it only frowned at him and again he thought of her, "the queen," to whom he could no longer apply the possessive his. He staggered to his study-table, and taking a small gold frame he gazed fondly at her. It was hard for him, yet he never flinched; he saw the inevitable, and accepted it. The queen was removed from the frame and soon encased in a stout Manila envelope. The next morning the North Bend postmaster cashed a P. O. order for thirty cents.

God has given us the most exquisite programme, the most finished piece of legislation ever mortal eye beheld, no one, by any possibility, being able to understand it unless it comes from the divine imperial lips.—Rev. W. Cahill, D. D.

Pursued.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.

WHEN the sky is clear on a summer morn
 And the sun's asleep 'neath the rim of the earth,
 Your face comes up like the day new-born,
 And my spirit leaps at the happy birth.

When the sun creeps up to the top of the sky
 And searches the heart of the rose with flame,
 Your face comes up to me lovingly
 And my lips unwittingly call your name.

When the day is set, and the gathering stars
 Shake the night dews from their shimmering hair
 I come through the fields to the pasture bars,
 And your face is smilingly waiting there.

"Twixt Day and Dark."

PATRICK M. MALLOY, '07.

We live in a material age, in a time when worth, value, even beauty is measured and estimated by the rules that govern the rise and fall of stocks on the mart of trade, by the indicator that records the ruin of a millionaire and the rise of a pauper. This world of higher sensibilities, of nobler and more elevated ideas, this world made up of emotions of poetry and love, seems to have lost not a little of its prestige during the past century of material progress.

We find those "great men" who shape our governmental policies too busy with the intricate problems of political science to bother with anything that savors of sentiment; then, too, we have an equally absorbed body of "radical men" engaged in that task so necessary to our progress, of undoing all our great men accomplish in the line of policy building, not to speak of that vast uncultured body that make up our public opinion, who are forever swaying back and forth between these two great forces that tend toward our political development. And by this public opinion I mean those men, who when a law is promulgated by the former roar their disapproval, and when defeated by the latter kick quite as uproariously.

I would set myself right with the readers of this short article at the outset. I would have you know that I do not admire the

dreamer, the man who cares for nothing save that which is imaginary, or of miraged expectancy; nor on the other hand, would I have you believe my sympathies lie with these classes of men of whom I have just spoken—the "great men," the "radical men" and that discontented "public opinion," all of whom see the sun rise with a sort of joy because it is a day of business, of financial hopes, fraught with contracts and checks and bargains and sales and lawsuits, with an incidental bite of bread thrown in to keep their poor material bodies going till another "business sun" rises.

A noted American professor, in speaking of the men who read literature, condemns two classes as pernicious, those who worship literature and literary men to the exclusion of God and His creation, and those who mock the art and its geniuses by reading to kill time. The professor in question chooses a middle-of-the-road policy where he may enjoy Arnold, and Eliot, and Dickens and the rest, and yet find time for an appreciation of nature's beauties and God's immensity. So, too, I feel inclined to choose a like policy between the dreamer and the materialist. I believe in that manner of man who can look up to the stars and understand their silent messages of love, and yet be able to conduct a lawsuit in a thoroughly professional manner; I believe in the man who has a soul susceptible to a sunset's beauty, a night's serenity, a moon's peacefulness, and yet whose mind is a healthy, vigorous, acting mind—a mind that can take hold of intricate problems, adjust them, and arrive at their practical solution.

I believe in the man who when he kisses his mother good night feels a sacredness in her love and an abiding strength in her embrace, and who the next day can hoe a row of corn or plough a furrow with energy and ambition.

I believe in the man that can see in the dimpled cheeks and chubby hands of a lisping infant a personification of all that is tender and holy and innocent, and yet one that can go down to his office and formulate theories and execute practices that will give just such a helpless infant a livelihood and a competence. Thus then would I have my man, a growing, acting energetic man; a man of emotions yet of

purpose, of sentiment yet of practicability; a man, in a word, who might enjoy the richness of a beautiful creation, and yet be a cog in the great wheel of progress.

A modern-day writer in a recent book gave himself out much to this effect, that star-gazing, flower-smelling, sunset-watching, and, in fact, all sentiment-wooing is hardly worth the while; for the morning breezes, the rising sun, the coming day break our most precious bubbles, smother all our "idle fancies" and awaken us to a realization of the *stern reality* of life.

With this opinion I beg leave to take issue. For to me it is better to have felt the influence of night's silent sentiments; it is better to have understood and drunk in the sublime lessons of the sunset's glow, the serenity of night, the wealth of roses, the kiss of a mother, and the gurgle of a babe. I say it is better to have felt and understood and appreciated all these things created, no matter if paling sky wink out the stars, the moving clouds hide up the sky, the rising wind disturb the night, and the sun chase off the moon; no matter if the frost nip off the rosebud and unrelenting time a mother, and the boy outgrow the babe. It is better a thousand times to know of all these joys and beauties, and thus to have gone up into God's own realm, and there above all sorrow and strife, apart from the maddening rush of material humanity, to have felt of the fulness and goodness of life, of all that which makes us soul-possessing beings, and thus to have inhaled of the fragrances, if not in fact to have supped full plenty of the cup of happiness.

The Sign of Success.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

I had just got rid of the man with the patent flatirons and was tired out. I picked up the morning paper, tilted my chair against a sugar case and drew a long breath. He was really gone. But I had hardly taken my comfortable position when a shabbily dressed man entered the store and walked hurriedly up to the counter. Upon his breast was a small cardboard sign black and greasy supported on either side by a thin

yellow string which passed over his shoulders. He said nothing but made some forcible gestures inviting me to read the sign.

"Well," I said, when I had read it, "what do you want?" Again he pointed a black finger at the sign and remained silent.

"Surely," I said, "a blind man can speak, can't he?" He grew pale, muttered a smothered curse at some unknown Dick, and half closing his eyes he answered me.

"Course he can, but what's the use when he's got a sign to show?"

"Who made that sign?" I said to him inquisitively. "Can you write?"

"Can't read or write a word," he said, "so my father made me this before he died."

"Poor fellow," I said; "how long have you been blind?"

"Born blind," he said, "and you don't know what a trouble it is."

"Where is your home," I asked, "or have you any?"

"I used to live at Esopus, New York, but I haven't went there in three years; my brothers don't want me; they says I'm disgracing them."

"Esopus," I repeated. "Have you ever seen Judge Parker?"

"Sure," said the tramp; "I used to see him every day. I knowed him well."

"Well," I said taking a half dollar from my pocket, "if you prove you're not a liar I'll give you this. You said you were born blind, and now you tell me you used to see Judge Parker every day. Is that not a plain lie?"

"Not a bit, Mister," said the tramp. "You see I was born blind, then I got so I could see for a while and then I got blind again."

I tossed him the half dollar, for he had outwitted me, and I noticed his eyesight was sufficient for him to lay his hand on the money. As he turned to go out another disreputable looking fellow entered the store with blood streaming from his nose.

"What's the matter, Dick," said my blind friend in accents of pity. "D—you, Pete, you took my sign and I got yours. It won't work nohow."

"If I hadn't got something," said the other, "I'd have blamed you for this, but some one at the hut must have changed them. Come, have a drink and we'll learn to read to-morrow. Who punched your nose?"

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—President Roosevelt in appointing Brig.-General Franklin J. Bell to succeed Major-General Bell as Chief of Staff of the army has departed from the traditions of our military service. Hitherto it had been customary to select for this position only a major-general who had been long in the army, and as a result his retirement from office through length of service followed close upon his appointment. In his selection of Mr. Bell the President has chosen one of the youngest brigadier-generals in the army, who has, since his return from the Philippine Islands, been doing active work as Commandant of the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. In making this appointment, President Roosevelt has realized that the duties of Chief of Staff of the army requires not only a veteran soldier but a man of superior intelligence, and he has not hesitated to break in upon the traditions of the military service when its efficiency might be thereby increased. General Bell's theoretical knowledge of military tactics and his practical experience in the field makes him eminently fit to take up his new duties.

—The failure of the United Mine Owners of America and the National Miner's Union to come to an agreement threatens to throw almost 300,000 miners out of employment and to bring untold suffering and hardship on the public. Perhaps it is the thought of the suffering public which has called forth various articles on the need and advisability of establishing courts of Compulsory Arbitration; courts into which the laborer and the capitalist can be brought and compelled to abide by their decision. How such a system could prevent the strike is a question. Any attempt to enforce a decision distasteful to the laborer would be futile. In any industry like that of mining, where only skilled labor is employed, the right to quit work is equivalent to the right to strike, for it is practically impossible to fill the places of skilled laborers. Consequently the only way to prevent the strike would be to deprive men of the right to quit work, but this is so repugnant to America's ideals that it could not be thought of for a moment. So long as the American laborer retains the right to quit work any system of Compulsory Arbitration is doomed to failure.

—An enthusiasm greater than ever before displayed marked the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday. The national feeling was such that it proved conclusively, Lincoln is the most beloved of our great men. The reason for this is not because he stands pre-eminent among those who became great in public service, nor even because he was the saviour of the Union, but because of his personal character. Lincoln as a man is the ideal we all hold before us and try to imitate. No pride, no arrogance, nor even the feeling sometimes called self-respect—a care for what other people think—could overcome his humility. Always looking within and magnifying his own defects he never thought of self-appreciation. Straightforward in all his actions, Lincoln lacked all artifice, vanity, and the devices common to politicians and statesmen of our day. He had a strength of character that overcame all obstacles and the simplicity and gentleness of a noble heart. For this America honors and the world admires him, not only on the 12th of February but the whole year round.

—We have heard of instances innumerable in which the proprietor of a paper has been sued for criminal libel, but for a man to be enjoined from expressing his personal convictions in his own editorial columns is rather an unique manner of muzzling the press. To the capital city of Georgia belongs the credit for this freak litigation, the complainant being General-Manager Daniels and the respondent Editor Graves, both of the *Atlanta News*. The expressions at which the manager took umbrage were in the nature of revelations concerning the inner workings of the paper. In the light of recent judicial investigations, when the aid of the courts has been invoked in vain to secure testimony of illegal practices by capitalistic law-breakers, the present decision is a radical departure from the general rule. To refuse to allow a man to give evidence even though it be against his own interests, is an unusual exercise of judicial power. It seems about time to deprive Justice of the two-edged sword; she is too apt to cut herself with backhand strokes.

—Of recent years it has become popular to denounce the United States Senate. Some men are accused of being senators because they are rich; a few are said to be rich because they are senators. It is well known that they exercise their power of confirming or rejecting nominations made by the President in a dictatorial manner. Its treatment of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty made the senate the subject of fierce criticism. Its present attitude on rate-regulation is to many vexingly dilatory. Such conditions have led to repeated demands for the election of senators by direct, popular vote. But in the current discussions, the original purpose of the senate is often lost sight of. After freeing themselves from the tyranny of anarchy, the constitution makers feared they might establish the more galling tyranny of an unreflecting majority. Their problem was to secure a limited democracy. Accordingly, the men of 1787 specially constituted the senate, by the mode of election and the long term of office, to represent the sober second thought of the nation in contrast to the direct reflection of public opinion and emotion as seen in the House.

Automatic Block Signaling on the Electrically Operated Railways Employing Alternating Current Track Circuits.*

An Automatic block system, which has been recently installed on the North Shore Railroad of California and also in the New York Subway, includes the application of an alternating current to the track, and the use of a relay that will be operative by alternating current only.

The usual method of installing automatic block signals in the United States is to provide home and distant signals with block sections extending from home signal to home signal; that is, the block sections end at the home signals and do not overlap each other.

The telegraph block system, the controlled manual system and the English block system, however, all employ overlap. Without the overlap a train in passing from one block section to the other will clear the home signals for the section in the rear as soon as the rear of the train has passed the home signal of the block in which it is moving. It is thus possible for a train to stop within the block and within a few feet of the home signal. If then a following train should for any reason overrun this home signal, a collision would result. With the overlap system, however, a train may stop at any point in a block section and still have the home signal at a safe stopping distance in the rear of the train.

Electrically lighted signals are fast displacing the oil-lighted ones. They were adopted on the New York Subway after very careful consideration. And their continued satisfactory working has more than justified their adoption. In an installation of this kind men are not required to fill and clean lamps. This means great saving in the cost of labor, and perhaps of life, for in a place like the Subway, where space is limited and the trains are constantly running, it is of very great importance that the maintenance crew be kept as small as possible.

On the elevated and surface portions of this road it is planned to use signals of the two-arm type operated by electric motors

* Paper read at meeting of Electrical Society, Feb. 14.

from storage batteries of six cells each, the batteries being charged by current taken from the third rail through a suitable resistance.

AUTOMATIC TRAIN STOP.

A train stop or automatic stop is used at all block signals and at many interlocking signals. This device automatically applies the air brakes to the train if it should pass a signal in the stop position, being an additional safeguard only to be brought into action when the danger indication has for any reason been disregarded.

The automatic train stop consists of a trip located at the side of the running rail, which is normally raised to such a position that it will come in contact with the special brake valve arrangement upon the trucks of each subway car and throw the air brakes to full emergency in case the train attempts to pass the stop. This trip is operated by a pneumatic cylinder located in a closed box between the ties and the middle of the track opposite. The operation of this automatic stop coincides with that of the home signal in the block next preceding it. When that home signal indicates danger, the trip is in its elevated position, so as to make emergency application of the brakes. This trip is normally held in its elevated position by a heavy counterweight located within the controlling box in the middle of the track. When the home signal is cleared, compressed air is admitted also to the cylinder of this automatic stop, which acts to raise the counterweight and thus lower the trip, holding it depressed until the home signal is again changed to danger indication. This ingenious mechanism adds an important factor of safety to trains operating in the subways.

BLOCK AND RELAYS.

A relay is used in this system. The electromotive force at the relay is a little more than one volt. In blocks 3000 feet long there is a pressure of about six volts at the transformer, the difference being due to the high impedance of the rail with the alternating current. The relay is placed at the entrance end of a block and the transformer at the exit end. With no train in a block the energy absorbed by each block is approximately 50 watts. When a train enters the block at the relay end, the energy

is seldom more than 75 watts, and about 300 watts when the train is exactly opposite the transformer.

CAPACITY OF BATTERY.

Sixteen cells of caustic potash battery are employed for control and operation of the signal.

Their total capacity is 300 ampere hours, and when required to clear both blades of a double arm signal 60 times daily, under the normally clear system, they should last for one year without renewals.

This system has also been applied to heavy electric railway service with marked success. It has been used on the Boston Elevated Railway system since its opening to the public, this being the first electric railway system to adopt a complete system of block signaling. In a more recent installation of block signaling, which has been made upon the North Shore Road an important third rail electric system terminating at San Francisco, a system of electrically operated signals has been installed and in operation for nearly three years which embodies the main features of track circuits and signal control involved in the Union signal.

One of the most important features of the consideration in favor of this system is, moreover, that all details of the system have been worked out in years of practical operation on the important trunk lines of steam railroads, so that its reliability and efficiency were beyond question.

JOHN C. QUINN.

Athletic Notes.

MISHAWAKA, 26; BROWNSON, 14.

In the first game of the basket-ball season at Notre Dame Mishawaka A. C. defeated Brownson Hall last Saturday night by the score of 26 to 14. The game was played in the big Gym and a good-sized crowd witnessed the contest. Mishawaka had several loyal rooters with them and plenty of noise followed the making of each basket.

While Brownson put up a good game they were far behind Mishawaka in team work and general all-around play. And although the fourteen fouls that were made by Brownson only resulted in three points against

them, that was due entirely to Rishel's poor free-throwing. Heyl and Blum were the stars for Brownson, and it was their general all-round playing that netted Brownson's 14 points.

Good passing and the brilliant individual work of Shivly put Mishawaka in the lead early, the first half ending 11 to 4. The second half was practically a repetition of the first. Shivly again being the bright star of the period.

Brownson has good material and will undoubtedly develop into a good fast team early in the year, as this was its second game of the season.

LINE-UP.

Brownson		Mishawaka
Williams	R. G.	Middleton
Donovan	R. F.	Moore
O'Leary (Capt.)	C.	Shivly (Capt.)
Blum	L. G.	Rishel
Heyl	L. F.	Seymour

Referee—White. Umpire—Hoyt. Timers—Chase and Bonan. Time of halves, 20 and 20.

* *

Brownson defeated Corby in the first game for the inter-hall basket-ball championship on Wednesday night by the score of 20 to 9. The game was fast and exciting until near the end of the second half when Brownson took a decided lead and simply walked away with the game. The first half ended 7 to 6 in favor of Corby. In the beginning of the second, each side scored and tied the total number of points. But Brownson then showed the benefit of her longer training and won easily. Cullinan and Williams put up a good game for Brownson, while Hogan and Roach did the heavy work for Corby.

LINE-UP.

Corby		Brownson
Hogan	L. F.	Heyl
Roach	R. F.	Cullinan
Strauss	C.	O'Leary
Escher	R. G.	Williams
Oelrich	L. T.	Donovan

Referee, Devine; Timer, Maguire; Time of halves, 15 and 15.

* *

Stopper appears to have a cinch on first base. This is his second year and he is the only man trying for the position. On second base we have Captain McNerny. Shea is showing his old-time form at short stop, so little trouble is expected from that position.

Coach Arndt has made the last cut in the baseball squad and the men who are now out will remain until the team is picked, which will be just before the South Bend series. The men from whom the team will be chosen are Stopper, Shea, Bonan, Perce, O'Gorman, Tobin, Keeffe, Sheehan, Cooke, Schmidt, Murray, McCarthy, Birmingham, Farabaugh, Hogan, Brogan and Bracken.

* *

Coach Arndt will leave the team in the hands of Captain McNerny in another week as he is due to report for spring practice with St. Louis.

* *

Bonan, Brogan and Hogan are trying for third base and all are doing well in the position. Third base is, we know, probably the hardest position on a ball team, and plenty of hard work will be given all of the men before anyone is selected to fill the corner.

* *

Murray, Cooke, McCarthy and Schmidt are working behind the bat. Tobin, Perce, O'Gorman, Sheehan and Keeffe are working in the box, and from these men three will be chosen to do the pitching for the coming year.

* *

For outfielders, Birmingham and Farabaugh appear to be the most likely men. Both men are good hitters, Birmingham especially. Then with such men as Perce and Sheehan, who are also good fielders, Captain McNerny should have little trouble in picking his outfield.

* *

The same routine will continue for the next two weeks. Hitting is still the game and will be for some time to come, in fact until the men can get out-doors.

* *

Schmidt and Cooke have captured most of the "glad hands" from the gallery during the past week.

* *

"Bud" Sheehan injured his hand on Monday and will be out of practice for a week or more. While the injury is not serious, yet it is advisable for him to rest up for a short time.

R. L. B.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

Last Saturday witnessed the case of Marshall v. L. S. & M. S. RR. Co. The trial of the demurrer to the plaintiff's declaration opened with Lawrence J. McNerny and Francis J. McCarthy appearing for the plaintiff, and Francis J. Shaughnessy and Francis T. Haley for the defendant; Judge Hoynes presiding.

Statement of Facts.

Mrs. Cordelia Marshall lives in South Bend. Five years ago her husband, Quincy A. Marshall, was killed by a train of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway Company while crossing its track on Main Street. It was necessary for him as an employee of Newman & Co. to drive a hack of that firm to the Vandalia R. R. station at 6 o'clock p. m. to accommodate the passengers of an incoming train on this road. As he approached the crossing of the Lake Shore road, on the street named, he felt reasonably certain that no train was due, but nevertheless he stopped, listened and looked both to the right and the left. He heard neither whistle nor bell, nor did he see anything likely to arouse suspicion of approaching danger. Moreover, he noticed that the flagman was absent and the way open, the bars being up and inviting the public, as it were, to a safe passage. Feeling secure he drove on, and just as the horses had cleared the main track a special train running at an exceptionally high rate of speed bore down upon him, struck and demolished the hack, threw him forward on the track, passed over his left arm, completely severing it, and so mangling and crushing him that he died soon afterward. This horrifying accident occurred on the 26th of January, 1901.

Mrs. Marshall was left in dire poverty. In the following March her only child, Estelle, died of typhoid fever, which probably had its fatal termination, if not its origin, in hardships, privations and lack of medical attendance. These calamities were too great for the afflicted widow and mother. Discouragement and despair settled like a pall over her little cottage.

Neighbors advised her to sue the railroad company for damages, it being quite evident

that her husband's death was caused by the gross negligence of its employees. She determined to do so, but first called on the officers of the company in the interest of securing immediate help or effecting a settlement. They said that the sympathy of the public and probably of a jury would be with her, and that they did not want a trial.

"If you will sign and give us a release," they continued, "we will pay you \$50 a month during life."

Being an invalid and in need even of the necessities of life, she accepted the offer and signed the release tendered by the company's law department. She received regularly month by month the \$50 promised until December last. She was then notified that her name had been dropped from the "list of beneficiaries" and that no further payment would be made to her. She now sues for the amount, as calculated by the insurance tables, that she would be entitled to receive by virtue of her agreement with the company.

This case is to be tried wholly under the common law.

Opinion.

The court said that while the facts are different in some respects, yet in principle this case is based upon that of *Palfrey v. Portland, etc., R. Co.*, 4 Allen, 55. This was decided in Massachusetts at a time when the common law was in force and unaffected by statute allowing an action for the tortious or negligent killing of employees or passengers on railroads. It shows forcibly the hardships of the common law rule that all personal actions die with the person. Had Marshall not been killed he could have maintained an action for an amount which, at legal interest, would assure him of an income for life at least equal to the salary or earnings he was regularly receiving. The circumstances disclosed by the evidence would indicate that a verdict and judgment for \$12,000 or even \$15,000 would not be deemed excessive. But at common law the right to sue for the injuries he received departed with his life. No right to an action survived to the widow. The great hardship of the rule was mitigated, however, by statute. This supersedes and takes the

place of the common law. Lord Campbell's Act on the subject was passed in 1846, and became the law in Great Britain. Our States quite generally soon afterward enacted statutes of like tenor. Under these statutes from \$5000 to \$10,000 may be recovered by an action for the benefit of the widow and children of a person thus tortiously deprived of life. If the circumstances were such that he could himself, if living, have maintained an action, his right to do so would pass to his widow. But the common law rule applies here, and hence the widow is without legal remedy. The agreement between her and the railroad officials that she should receive \$50 a month for life if she would not sue the company is without consideration, and can not be enforced. Forbearance to sue is a good consideration only when there is a legal cause of action, and the facts stated prove conclusively that there was none here. Even if this defence did not exist the statute of limitations might be pleaded specially in bar of the action, for such suits must be brought within two years from the time the cause of action accrued. But these suggestions and explanations are mere dicta. The decisive question turns upon her right to sue and the release. She had no right to sue for the death of her husband at common law. Hence she relinquished no right by agreeing not to sue. The release did not in fact release any legal right. Consequently there is no equivalent for the promise to pay her \$50 a month. If she had even a doubtful claim it would be otherwise. Not to dwell further upon the subject, the promise made to her by the company is gratuitous and not enforceable. The demurrer of the defendant is sustained.

* * *

It being impossible for Judge Kavanagh to appear before the students on the date set in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC, he has postponed his opening lecture to this evening. He will speak in the law lecture room in Sorin Hall, all the members of the legal department being present; and at the request of Dean Hoynes, students of the higher collegiate classes, who would no doubt derive pleasure and profit from listening to the learned judge, are invited to attend. The time is 8: p. m. to-night.

Local Items.

—Lost.—A fountain pen. Finder, please leave with B. Raymond.

—Found.—A fountain-pen and a gold pin. The owners may get these articles from Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C.

—One of the finest club pictures yet seen among the many which are being taken for the "Dome" is that of the Mexican club.

—If she forgot you, Brother Vital has some St. Valentine remembrances left over from 2 for 5 up according to your taste.

—Only a noise in the steam pipe, still it frightened him. And why shouldn't it? no one ever said he was brave—only one, and she was biased.

—"Best looking crowd yet," said the photographer as the Western Club sat for its picture. Those who disagree (if there be any) are referred to Beacom.

—The Electrical Engineers have secured one of the best class photographs so far this year. If appearances count for aught there are many embryo Edisons among them.

—Willie to his mother who is sewing: "What are you doing, ma?"

"I'm tucking this piece of goods."

Willie: "Can you tuck a hen's head under her wing, too, ma?"

—A week ago the New York State Club journeyed to South Bend and allowed themselves to be photographed for the "Dome." The proof was received on the following Wednesday and was much admired. The club, however, owing to the terrific expression on the Hon. Mr. Cook's features will sit again, and as their motto is "excelsior" nothing but the best will be accepted.

—A member of the Senior class lay awake the other evening until unseemly hours in order that he might view the moon's eclipse. He arose the next morning or rather afternoon at 12.05 p. m. and in consequence missed a very important class. On hearing his excuse the Professor overcome by its novelty exclaimed in rapture, "How poetic!" though he doubtless added under his breath "and idiotic."

—It may interest many to know that Mr. Charles De Lunden of Corby Hall has been appointed as local photographer to the "Dome." Mr. De Lunden's skill in this line of work is questioned by no one, and his engagement for this work assures us that the "Dome" will be rich in local views of the most interesting nature. He has already secured a beautiful view of the Dome and surrounding campus by moonlight.

—He spoke in rising accents; his voice was full of emotion; his audience was feeling their way through tearful passages. All were forcibly struck, and no sound was heard other than the speaker's voice, he—the quixotic—delivering one of Daniel Webster's orations.

—One of the latest organizations instituted at the University is the Karreanian Association. The association organized last Wednesday afternoon and is mainly composed of Seniors who have been members during the past years of Prof. Karr's oratory class. A nominating committee, composed of Messrs. Hagerty, McCarthy and McFarland, were appointed to bring in a list of candidates for the election of officers which will be held on the coming Wednesday. Mr. Hammer has been appointed temporary secretary.

—Some short sketches of the common birds to be found in this part of the country will soon be published in the SCHOLASTIC. These sketches should be saved, and when the migration of the birds sets in they can be used in identifying varieties not yet known to the observer. We often hear the songs of birds for years without knowing the singers. Why need this be so? Read these sketches, go out into the fields and groves, look about you, and learn the names, kinds of plumage and the songs of our feathered neighbors.

—The success of the Brownson debating team in their recent debate with the St. Joe team should be very stimulating to the students of Brownson Hall. They have made an auspicious beginning, which, it is to be hoped, will be but the first of many victories. The excellent showing of their team, which won flattering comments from discriminating auditors, was due to the hard work of the debaters and the careful coaching of the devoted critic of the Brownson Society. The Brownsonites are justly proud of their first debating team. May the succeeding ones prove as capable and industrious.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held a special meeting Sunday evening to reconstruct the constitution. A number of new rules and amendments were introduced and passed. Each member is to receive a printed copy of the corrected constitution. A committee was appointed to negotiate with St. Ignatius College of Chicago and Western Reserve University of Cleveland in regard to debates.

Another meeting was held Thursday evening at which the speakers and subjects on programme were as follows: McAllenan, "Abraham Lincoln;" Cabrera, "Philippine Islands;" Leonards, "American Indian;" O'Leary, "My Native City, Chicago;" Sexton, "Mike and the Hot (water) Drink." Mr. Jureyschek was asked to sing, but owing to

a bad cold said he would rather speak. His pathetic speech was without a title, but might aptly be named "Oh, I forgot." The meeting then adjourned.

—The feast of St. Valentine, whose exertion in behalf of Christian youth has been a matter of popular tradition for many centuries, was celebrated in a most memorable way by the St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Sodality. In the morning at 8 a. m. the Spiritual Director offered Mass in St. Edward's Chapel in honor of the altar-boys' patron for favors received, at which holy sacrifice all the sodalists attended. Conspicuous among the decorations on the altar was a beautiful statue of the sainted Jesuit surrounded by a circle of sanctuary lamps. It was the first time that the collective acolytes paid such public demonstration of their gratitude and veneration to their chosen exemplar. In the evening the Rev. Dr. Schumacher presided in his official capacity at the sodalists' meeting and spoke very impressively on their duties as servers, emphasizing his instructions by edifying illustrations from the life of St. Berchmans. In concluding, the Spiritual Director alluded to the feast of the day, and in lieu of Valentines presented each of the acolytes with a handsome souvenir no less appreciable than commemorative. The rest of the session was spent all too swiftly in discussing sodality affairs.

—Owing to a regrettable mistake the account of an unusual and entertaining lecture delivered by Professor Jerome Greene in Science Hall on February 7 was omitted from the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC. For this error we wish to apologize to Professor Greene and to the Electrical Society, under whose management the lecture was arranged.

The subject of Professor Greene's talk was "Elementary Electricity," in the discussion of which he endeavored to make the wonders of the mysterious force comprehensible to his auditors, to which end he illustrated by practical appliances the trend of his remarks. Magnetism, the magnetic fields, high frequency and low pressure currents by means of the condenser and the 'Tesla Coil,' the heating and lighting properties of the electric current, the space sparks produced by the induction coil, the X-ray, all were simply and scientifically exploited in the course of the evening. Besides the electrical students there were present many of the senior civil engineering class and a number of the younger members of the faculty. It is to be hoped that Prof. Greene will consent to give another lecture of a similar character in the near future, in which event those who did not avail themselves of the opportunity to hear the last may well take a little friendly advice and profit by being present at the next.